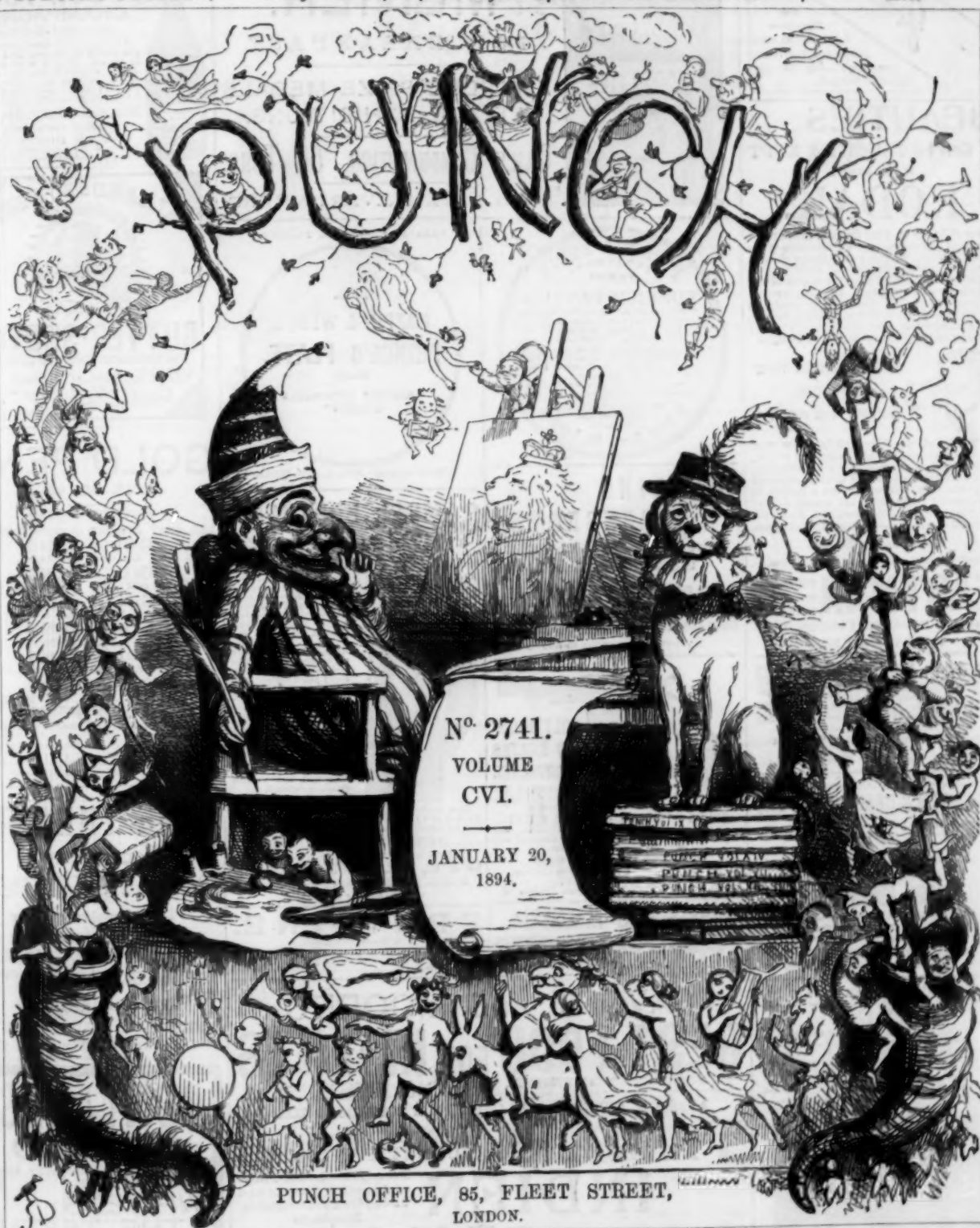


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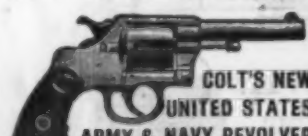
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MIXED NOTIONS.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

SCENE—A first-class compartment in a suburban morning train to London. PERSONS—Two Well-informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man.

Inquirer (putting his newspaper down with a sigh). Well, I'm hanged if I can make head or tail of the whole business. What's



the squabble about? First it's employers' liability, and then it's contracting out, and then it's common insurance, and then it's accident employment. What does it all mean?

First Well-informed Man (quoting glibly).

My dear chap, the whole question centres round one point, and that is whether great employers of labour, like the London and North-Western Railway Company, are to be allowed to continue their accident insurance funds or not. There ought to be no doubt as to the answer when we know that the workmen themselves are in favour of these funds. Yet the Government says the funds are to be abolished!

Inq. Well, that does seem wrong, of course.

Second Well-informed Man. Steady a bit, my friend; don't you be in such a hurry. The Government says nothing of the kind. (Quoting with equal glibness.) What the Government does say is that the insurance funds may continue, but that no workman shall be deprived of his legal remedy, and that everything must be done to diminish the number of accidents. But (bitterly) of course that's what JOE CHAMBERLAIN and the rest of them won't have at any price.

Inq. Ah, they're wrong there, of course.

First W. I. M. That's right. Put everything down to the Opposition. But I tell you that in this matter the House of Lords are the real guardians of our liberties.

Inq. What have they done?

First W. I. M. Why, they've inserted an amendment allowing contracting out.

Inq. But what is contracting out?

First W. I. M. (gaining time). I suppose you know that these great works are mostly done by contract?

Inq. (dubiously). Yes.

First W. I. M. Well, that's it.

Second W. I. M. No, it isn't. Contracting out is when the employer gets hold of the workman's money by telling him he's going to look after him, and then in the end (cagely)—well, he doesn't look after him as he promised.

Inq. (hopelessly, to Average Man). Is that it?

Average Man. It's what I should call rather a loose definition. I had a sort of notion it meant an agreement between employer and employed that the provisions of the Act should not apply to them.

Both the W. I. M. (together). Nonsense, it can't mean that.

Acer. M. Why not?

First W. I. M. How can anybody say an Act of Parliament shan't apply to him? What's the use of passing an Act of Parliament at all, then?

Acer. M. Just so; but I shouldn't have expected you of all people in the world to use that argument. [A pause.]

Inq. (returning to the charge). But how about common employment, you know. They call it a doctrine, or something of that kind. I thought that meant a religion. How does that come in here?

Second W. I. M. (hazarding a noble conjecture). That's just the ridiculous part of it; it all comes of having the Bishops in the House of Lords. What I say is, religion and politics ought to be kept absolutely separate. Besides, I'm against the House of Lords anyhow.

First W. I. M. There you go again. Everything's the fault of the House of Lords with you. You're just like that old jossler who couldn't keep King Somebody's head out of his speeches. Same with you: whenever you can't get everything you want all at one go, smack you go against the House of Lords. What have they done to you now?

Inq. (trimming). Yes, what have they done? I wish you'd tell me.

Second W. I. M. (pulling himself resolutely together, and quoting again). What have they done? I like your asking that question. Why, in the first place, they've emasculated the Bill with their confounded amendments which nobody wants—

First W. I. M. (interrupting). I beg your pardon. Everybody wants them. All the workmen whose opinion is worth anything have declared that they must have these amendments; otherwise the Bill will ruin them.

Second W. I. M. (sneering warmly). Oh, I say, tell that to the marines. How on earth is a Bill like this going to ruin the workmen?

Inq. (feeling his ground again slipping from under him). Yes, I don't quite see myself how it's going to do that.

First W. I. M. Don't you? Of course, I can't make you see it if you don't want to. But I should have thought anyone with half an eye could see that the Bill without these amendments must ruin the working-classes, because it'll smash all their insurance funds. Who do you think is going to give 'em any more money when the Bill passes, unless these amendments go in?

Inq. But what are the amendments?

First W. I. M. They simply lay down the principle that these insurance funds are not to be abolished because the Trades Unions say so.

Second W. I. M. Then do you mean soberly to tell me that you wish to deprive workmen of their legal right to compensation if they get choked in a mine or cut to bits in a railway accident? Because that's what your argument means, if it means anything.

First W. I. M. (sneering). A jolly lot of good compensation will do 'em when they've been cut to bits. I suppose you'll want to lay it down that they're to have money in proportion to the number of bits they get chopped into.

Second W. I. M. That was worthy of a follower of Lord SALISBURY'S.

First W. I. M. What do you mean?

Second W. I. M. (fully roused). I mean this; that you and Lord SALISBURY never lose a chance of sneering at the working-classes and their accidents. Why not try a change and give them what they want?

First W. I. M. Well, anyhow, they don't want this precious Liability Bill.

Second W. I. M. I say they do.

First W. I. M. And I say they don't.

[Terminus. Exeunt omnes, the Inquirer reduced to a state of mental pulp, but convinced that he has taken part in a most interesting and enlightening discussion.]

From a New Horn (Castle) Book.

AIR—"On a Tree by a River a little Tom-tit."



UP a tree in his grief sat a poor little Rad,
Sighing, "WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY,
WILLOUGHBY!"
And I said to him, "Stranger, why sing you so
sad,
Your WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY, WIL-
LOUGHBY?"
Is it taxes, or death, or the prospect of war?"
Then he sobbed as he answered, "I made sure of
TORR,
But the out-voters went down and all voted
for
That WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY, WIL-
LOUGHBY!"

BETWEEN THE PIECES AT THE LYCEUM.

DURING the absence of Mr. HENRY IRVING in America Mr. OSCAR BARRETT is in command at the Lyceum. The new manager seems to be following in the footsteps of the old. As there were clowns in the Shakspearian pieces, so there is a clown in *Cinderella*, the play that has taken the place of *Becket*, presumably with a view to keeping the boards warm until the promised revival of *Faust* and *Marguerite*. The Wellington Street pantomime would have pleased *Polonius*, Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty *Claudius*, King of Denmark, inasmuch as "there is no offence in it." On the contrary, it is a meritorious production. Some of the scenery and much of the dancing is worthy of the highest praise, and if the fun of the book is not always fast and furious, it is quite in harmony with the traditions of the house. In the home of the legitimate drama we are accustomed to smile with becoming mirth. Comparisons are odious, so it is unnecessary to compare *Miss Cinderella* of Wellington Street with *Master Robinson Crusoe* of the second turning to the right. And this is the more satisfactory, as there is no comparison between them. All the world knows that Drury Lane is good, and everyone is pleased to hear that DRURIOLANUS is better.

SPEAKING of a recent novel, Mrs. R. said, "There are some things in it so objectionable they ought to be illuminated." [Her nephew thinks his aunt meant "eliminated." Probably.]

"TROP DE ZÈLE!"



Lucy Sutherland, del.

Miss Australia (to Miss SHAW). "THANK YOU SO-MUCH, MY DEAR, FOR ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU'VE SAID ABOUT ME. BUT—DON'T SEND OUT THE INVITATIONS UNTIL I AM QUITE READY TO 'RECEIVE.'"



A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

"HOW BEAUTIFULLY THAT HORSE JUMPS!"

A "PAPER" FORCE.

[An M.P. has moved for a Select Committee to investigate the mode of conducting examinations for Commissions in the Army. "The marks now given for proficiency in the dead languages should, it is suggested, be conferred for excellence in riding, running, fencing, and other athletic accomplishments."—*Daily Paper*.]

I.—A TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY.

The Examiner (sternly and suddenly). When did JULIUS CÆSAR die? *Young Thewssand Sineus (who is Captain of his School Eleven, Half-back in All-England Football Team, &c., &c., trying his best, but rather nervously).* I—I forget at this instant. Let me see—I shall recollect in a moment.

The Examiner. Hum! We will pass on to Greek History. Mention some of the topics referred to by PERICLES in his speech as recorded by THUCYDIDES. (*An awkward pause.*) I suppose you are aware that such a man as PERICLES existed?

Young T. S. (becoming still more nervous). Oh, yes! He was an Athenian statesman.

The Examiner (sarcastically). I am glad to see you are acquainted with that fact, at any rate, Mr. SINEWS. Now will you take that copy of LIVY in your hand, and translate the passage marked in it. (*Young THEWSSAND SINEWS, after great difficulty, manages to give a bald and ungrammatical version of what he thinks the meaning to be. An ominous silence follows on the part of the Examiner, who at length says:*) There is a copy of XENOPHON'S *Anabasis* close to your elbow; just translate the few lines at the top of page 79. (*Young THEWSSAND SINEWS makes a gallant effort to do so, but sticks hopelessly in the second line.*) Thank you. That will do. I need not trouble you any further. You are evidently totally unfit for a military career. [*Exit Young THEWSSAND SINEWS in despair.*]

II.—A COMEDY OF TO-MORROW.

The Examiner (civilly). Pray take a seat, Mr. SINEWS. We have heard a very favourable account of your athletic distinctions. Could you tell me—just as a matter of form—the date of JULIUS CÆSAR'S death?

Young Thewssand Sineus. I should be most happy to oblige you, but I really haven't the slightest idea.

The Examiner. Don't apologise! It's a matter of no importance. Now we will come to the really essential point for army candidates. Oblige me by seeing how many of these chairs you can lift off the ground at the same time.

Young T. S. With pleasure!

[*He lifts three above his head with his right hand, and takes up the table with his left.*]

The Examiner. Capital! Now step up to that "Try-your-strength" machine, and give as hard a blow as you can.

[*Young THEWSSAND SINEWS does so, and sends the index as high on the scale as it will go.*]

The Examiner (enthusiastically). Thanks, oh, thanks! And we hear from our riding master that you are proficient as a horseman, and our fencing expert reports you as being able to run him through the body whenever you feel so inclined. The Government wrestling master is, I believe, unfortunately suffering from a few broken ribs owing to a rather too successful exhibition of the back throw with which you obliged him at your last practise. Your paper-work was, I regret to say, execrable. But what of that? You are evidently just the sort of young man that the army wants. You have not much brain, but you have lots of biceps. We need not trouble you any further. Good-day!

A FEMININE GRIEVANCE.—All the boats used in the transmission of letters are Mail Boats!

A DIALOGUE ON ART.

(A Study in Spirits and Water.)

SCENE—The Smoke-room of a Provincial Hotel. TIME—Towards midnight. CHARACTERS—MR. LUCESLIFF-BLETHRON, a middle-aged Art Patron and Dilettante. He has arrived at his third tumbler of whiskey and water, and the stage at which a man alludes freely before strangers to his "poor dear father." MR. MILBOARD, a Painter, on a sketching tour. He is enduring Mr. L.-B. with a patience which will last for just one more pipe. First Commercial, who considers Mr. L.-B. a highly agreeable and well-informed gentleman, and is anxious to be included in his audience. Second Commercial, who doesn't intend to join in the conversation until he feels he can do so with crushing effect.

Mr. Lucesliff-Blethron. Yes, I assure you, I never come across a DAVID COX but I say to myself, "There's a Bit!" (Here he fixes his eye-glass, sips whiskey and water, and looks at Mr. MILBOARD as if he expected him to express admiration at this evidence of penetration. The only tribute he extorts, however, is a grunt.) Now, we've a CORNELIUS JANSSEN at home. It's only his story is—my dear father bought it. He was an artist himself, painted a bit, travelled man, an' all that sort o' thing. Well, he picked it up for ten pounds!

First Commercial (deferentially). Did he really now? A Johnson for ten pounds! Did he get a warranty with it, Sir?

Mr. L.-B. (after bringing the eye-glass to bear on the intruder for a second). Then I've a Micra—at least, some clever flier painted it, and it's a pleasure to look at it, and you can't get over that, can you?

Mr. Milboard. I don't intend to try to get over it.

Mr. L.-B. You're quite right. Now I'm the last man in the world to swagger; still, I'm goin' to ask you to lemme have my lil' shwagger now. I happened to be at Rome shor' time ago, and I met MIDDLEMAN there. We had our lil' chat together and what not—he's no personal friend o' mine. Well; I picked up a lil' drawing by a Roman chap; worth nothing more than what I got it for, or anything, as you may say. MIDDLEMAN had the whole run of this chap's studio. I saw this drawing—didn't care much about it—but thought it wash a gem, and gave the modest shum of a hundred an' fifty lire for it. Put it in my portmanteau between a couple o' shirts—

First Comm. (still pining for notice). When you say shirts, Sir, I presume you mean clean ones?

Mr. L.-B. No man with the slightest feelin' or reverence for Art would put such a question! (The First Comm. collapses.) Between a couple of—(underlining the word) Shirts, and brought it home. Now I'm comin' to my point. One afternoon after my return, I wash walking down Bond Street, when I saw a sketch exhibited in a window by the shame f'ler. I went in and shaid, "What are you asking for this? Mind, I don't want to buy it; ask me any price you like!" And they shaid forty guineash.

Mr. Milb. Apparently they availed themselves of your permission, and did ask you any price they liked.

Mr. L.-B. No doubt; but wait till I've done. I saw another—a finished drawing, not quite so good as mine, there. Then I shaid to them quietly, "Now, look here, why don't you go an' buy 'em for yourselves, in the artist's own studio?" It shtruck me as shodd, a man like MIDDLEMAN, being there, and having the pick, shouldn't buy more of 'em!

Mr. Milb. Wasn't worth his while; he can't buy everything!

Mr. L.-B. (after considering this impartially with some more whiskey). No; your answer is a very good one, and a very fair one. He can't buy everything. I did pick, however, an' I gorrit. I said

to him, "How much?" an' he tol' me, and there wash an end of it, do you shée?

Mr. Milb. It's the ordinary course of business, isn't it?

Mr. L.-B. Egshackly. But how few do it! Now, I'll tell you 'nother shory 'bout my poo' dear father. He came 'pon a sculpture in a curiosity shop; it wash very dirty and used up, but my dear father saw it was worth shpotting, and a thing to be shotted, and shd he put his finger on it!

First Comm. (undaunted by past failure). And was it an antique, Sir?

Mr. L.-B. That's more 'n I can tell you; it wash very dirty, at any rate, and he only gave fifty guineash for it. Washn't a great shum—

First Comm. (encouraged by this affability). No, indeed; a mere nothing, so to speak, Sir!

Mr. L.-B. (annoyed). Will you have the goodness to lemme finish what I was telling this gentleman? When my poo' father got that busht home, it was the mos' perfect likeness o' NAPOLEON!

Mr. Milb. Ha! puts me in mind of the old story of the man who picked up a dingy panel somewhere or other, took it home, cleaned it, and found a genuine Morland; went on cleaning, and discovered an undoubted Rembrandt; cleaned that, and came to a Crivelli; couldn't stop, kept on cleaning, and was rewarded by a portrait of GEORGE THE FOURTH!

First Comm. (deeply impressed). And all of them genuine? How very extraordinary, to be sure!

Mr. L.-B. (scagging his head sapiently). I could tell you shtranger things than that. But as I was shaying, here was this busht of NAPOLEON, by some French chap—which you would tell me was against it.

Mr. Milb. Why? The French are the best sculptors in the world.

Mr. L.-B. The French! I can not bring myself to believe that, if only for this shimple reason, they haven't the patients for it!

First Comm. So I should have said. For my own part—not knowing much about it, very likely—I should have put the Italians first.

Mr. Milb. If you are talking of all time—

First Comm. (feeling at last at his ease). I should say, even now. Why, there was a piece of statuary in the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court some years back that took my fancy and took my wife's fancy very much. It was a representation in marble of a 'en and chickens, all so natural, and with every individual feather on the birds done to such a nicety—!

Mr. Milb. I was hardly referring to the skill with which the Italians carve—ah—poultry.

Mr. L.-B. Ridic'ous! Great mistake to talk without unnerstanding shubject. (The First Commercial retires from the room in disorder.) One thing I should like to ask is this. Why are sculptors at present day sh inferior to the antique? Isn't the human form divine ash noble and ash shymmetrical ash formerly? Why can't they reproduce it then?

Mr. Milb. You must first find your sculptor. Providence doesn't see fit to create a MICHAEL ANGELO or a PRAXITELES every five minutes, any more than a SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. L.-B. (wavering between piety and epigram). Thank the Lord for that! Now there's Florensh. Shome of us who have had the run there—well, there you see all the original things—all the originalsh. And yet, if you'll believe me (dreamily), with all my love and charm for Art, gimme the Capitoline Venus living and breathing in flesh and blood, Sir, not in cold lifeless marble!

Mr. Milb. That of course is a matter of taste. But we are talking about Art, not women.

Mr. L.-B. (profoundly). Unforsh'nately, women are the shubjects of Art. You've got to find out your client's shyle of Art first, and then carry it out in the besht possible manner.



"They haven't the patients for it!"

Mr. Milb. (rising, and knocking his pipe out). Have I? But I'm going to bed now, so you'll excuse me.

Mr. L.-B. (detaining him). But look here again. Take the Louvre. (As Mr. MILBOARD disclaims any desire to take it.) Now, nobody talksh about the Gallery there, and yet, if you only egshep the thingsh that are rude and vulgar, and go quietly roun—

Second Commercial (who sees a Socratic opening at last). Might I ask you, Sir, to enumerate any pictures there that, in your opinion, are "rude and vulgar"?

Mr. MILBOARD avails himself of this diversion to escape.

Mr. L.-B. In the Grand Gallery of the Louvre there'sh an enormous amount of shstuff, as everybody who'sh an artists and a lover of Art knowsh. If I had a friend who wash thinking of going to the Louvre (here he looks round vaguely for Mr. MILBOARD), I should shay to him, "Do you care 'bout pictursh at all? If you don't, don't borrow yourshelf 'bout it. If you do, drop in shome day with Me, and I'll give you a hint what to shsee." (As he cannot make out what has become of Mr. MILBOARD, he has to content himself with the Second Commercial). If you were my boy, I should shay to you—

Second Comm. (at the door). Pardon me for remarking that, if I was your boy, I should probably prefer to take my own opinion. (With dignified independence.) I never follow other persons' taste in Art!

(He goes out as the Smoke-room Page enters.)

Mr. L.-B. (hazily, with half-closed eyes). If you wash my boy, I should shay to you, very quietly, very shceriously, and without 'tempting to dictate— (Perceives that he is addressing the Page.) Jus' bring me 'nother glash whiskey an' warrer. [He is left sitting.]

THE NEXT LITTLE WAR.

(By our Prophetic Reporter.)

THE Cabinet Council met once again on board the flag-ship, so that its members might have an opportunity of being on the spot in conducting the necessary investigations. The Premier, as usual, occupied the chair.

The First Lord of the Admiralty said that after consideration with his colleagues, both naval and civil, he was forced to recommend the carrying out of the scheme originally proposed five years ago. With every wish to be economical, he could not sanction any further delay.

At this point the Council was interrupted by the appearance of a Private Secretary, who informed the members that the combined fleets of the allies were seen to be approaching.

The Premier declared himself extremely annoyed at this intrusion. He should have thought that Mr. TENTERFORE (the Private Secretary) would have known better than to obtain admission at such a moment. He (the Premier) must request that Mr. TENTERFORE immediately withdraw.

The Private Secretary having retired, proceedings were resumed.

The First Lord of the Admiralty continued his speech, and strongly urged that something should be done at once to strengthen the Navy. He (and his colleagues) really did not think that at a time such as this, when war might be declared at any moment, it would be wise or patriotic to delay further.

The Secretary of State for War, after such a declaration on the part of his colleague, begged to add his voice to the entreaty. If the Navy were not immediately strengthened he would not answer for the safety of the country. The fleet was the first line of defence, and the Army would be nothing without it.

The Private Secretary who had been recently expelled now put in a second appearance. He said that he considered it his duty to inform those present that the allied fleets seemed to be clearing for action. This might mean nothing, or, on the other hand, a great deal.

The Premier once more expressed his surprise at Mr. TENTERFORE's conduct, and begged that he should again immediately withdraw.

The Private Secretary having retired, public business was resumed.

The Premier, before deciding anything further, declared he would like to learn the cause why the scheme had been hung up for so long a period.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said a difficulty had arisen about the price of tar. The tar quoted for the original estimate was a penny a ton dearer than the Council thought reasonable, and it was suggested to delay the execution of the scheme until a tar manufacturer could be obtained who would supply an estimate at the rate selected. However, he had reason to believe that now he could find such a manufacturer.

At this point the Private Secretary again hurried in to say that the Allies had suddenly declared war, and were already engaged in bombarding Herne Bay.

When our report left, the British flag-ship, without steam, was attempting to evade the attentions of a number of torpedo boats of the enemy's fleet. Further particulars (if possible) will be furnished in a later edition.



"THE NORMAN CONQUEST."

A WORD TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—THE LORD CHANCELLOR has once more betrayed the best interests of the profession. As a loyal member of the body of which he is the nominal head I am sorry to have to say it, but what else can be said when it is recorded that he has refused me silk, at a time when he has bestowed it upon Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P., and Mr. GROSVENOR WOODS? I hope I shall not be misunderstood. Against these two gentlemen I have nothing in the world to say. The sin is one of omission rather than of commission. As LEANIN BACKER, the wit of our Common Room, said to me at lunch to-day, "My dear ERNED, we're all astounded not to see your name in this batch of silks. Whatever can the L. C. have been thinking about?"

I may say that no effort on my part was wanting. I sent in my application in ample time, with full particulars of the extent and nature of my practice. The choice of the LORD CHANCELLOR leads me to the conclusion that the present system of bestowing silk is utterly rotten. Mr. BIRRELL and Mr. GROSVENOR WOODS have each a large and flourishing practice. To be perfectly frank, it would be taking a rose-coloured view of the situation to call mine either. But that was exactly why I wanted to be a stuff gownsmen no longer. The wretched solicitor who once told me that his office boy knew more law than I did would almost certainly repent in hundred-guinead briefs and lavish retainers to Mr. L. ERNED COUNSEL, Q.C.—merely to write it is exhilarating. With this official recognition of merit—the hall-mark of our profession—there are no heights of legal fame to which I feel I could not attain. I am willing to give Lord HERSCHELL one more chance. Let him appoint me Attorney-General of the Out-and-Inward Islands. It would be a wrench to leave England, but if my country calls upon me, I am content to be not at home. If this is denied me, then, though I am sorry to threaten, beware, my LORD CHANCELLOR, of the ghosts of disappointed, unappointed Liberal J. P.'s!

Yours expectantly, L. ERNED COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E.C. Jan. 10.

DICKENS'S EXAMINATIONS.—We are afraid the interest of Dickensian students in the works of The Master is not quite what it used to be. Out of many strugglers, only two within a week have successfully answered the query propounded by Mr. Punch. Perhaps had a prize been mentioned the competitors might have been more numerous.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"HOW WELL YOUR DAUGHTER SKATES, MRS. SMALL! EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN MINE!"
 "SHE'S VERY PLUCKY, YOU KNOW, MRS. LONG. THAT'S THE PRINCIPAL THING! SHE'S NOT AFRAID OF FALLING DOWN!"
 "SHE HASN'T GOT FAR TO FALL!" "NO. BUT SHE'S GOT A PRETTY NOSE TO BREAK!"

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts, and Callings, with Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE TEETOTALER'S TRILL.

AIR—"Come send round the wine!"

COME, pass round the "Pop," and leave stingo more stiff (dolts;
 To wine-bibbing boobies and dram-drinking (dolts;
 The ginger's warm flavour, the lemon's sharp whiff [revolts.
 True Rechabites love, whom the wine-reck Your glass may be purple; be mine of the hue,
 The "dunducketty brown" of the morn's (shaving) bowl, [dim blue
 Where soap-suds and bristles, dull drab and Are mixed in a "blend" that is sweet to my soul.

Chorus—

Come, pass round the Pop!

Shall I ask the fanatic who fights by my side,
 Though he swigs Zoedone, if our palates agree? [tried,
 Shall I give up the tippie I've valued and If he pulls not at "Pop" from stone-bottles, with me?
 No! perish the thought! Be it Cocoa or Kopp,
 So that poisonous Alcohol's presence I miss,
 Let him drink what he please; but give me Penny Pop
 Frothed, creamy, and sweet in a "long-sleeve," like this!

Chorus—

Come, pass round the Pop!

COURT AT LAST!

MESSERS. BROOKFIELD and HICKS's clever theatrical *revue*, *Under the Clock*, at the Court Theatre, might have run throughout the year and become a hardy annual, had they adopted the simple process of extracting whatever became stale and unintelligible, and substituted for these withered leaves new matter quite up to the latest date, with tunes by EDWARD JONES, purveyor of harmonies, equally up to time. The *Sherlock Holmes* part of the burlesque was capital; the songs were too long; but Miss LOTTIE VENNE's *Second Mrs. T.* was excellent, and her imitation of Miss JULIA NELSON, in her Ellenish-Terryish style, was simply perfect, and might have given a hint to the actress imitated. The *Four Trees* were funny, and one of them very good (which, I don't know). These four Trees ought to have done a "plantation dance." There were some imitations, in this Bravo Hicks-and-Brookfield burlesque, of somebodies which puzzled even the confirmed theatre-goer, and which were as double-Dutch to the ordinary public. These puzzles might have been omitted, or a board exhibited explaining them; and, as it was impossible to keep the steam up for an hour or so, the entertainment might have been advantageously brought within the limits of forty minutes. Alas! why was this not done?

Football Intelligence.

TAFFY is a Welshman;
 Last year, like a thief,
 He at Cardiff, his house,
 Took JOHN's laurel-leaf.
 TAFFY came to JOHN's house,
 Birkenhead, and JOHN,
 This year, gave him tit for tat;
 And so the game goes on.

ADVICE FREE TO THE FRANK.

"NAPOLÉON boom."—*Daily Papers*.
 "There is a notion that a Bonapartist Pretender is arising near Tiflis under Russian auspices."—*Daily News*, January 10.]

"NAPOLÉON boom!" What have we here?
 The cannon's boom seems all too near.
 Is this some new entrapping?
 O France, be warned in time! Awake!
 Have done with dreams, for goodness' sake!
 Don't be again caught napping!

"ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS."

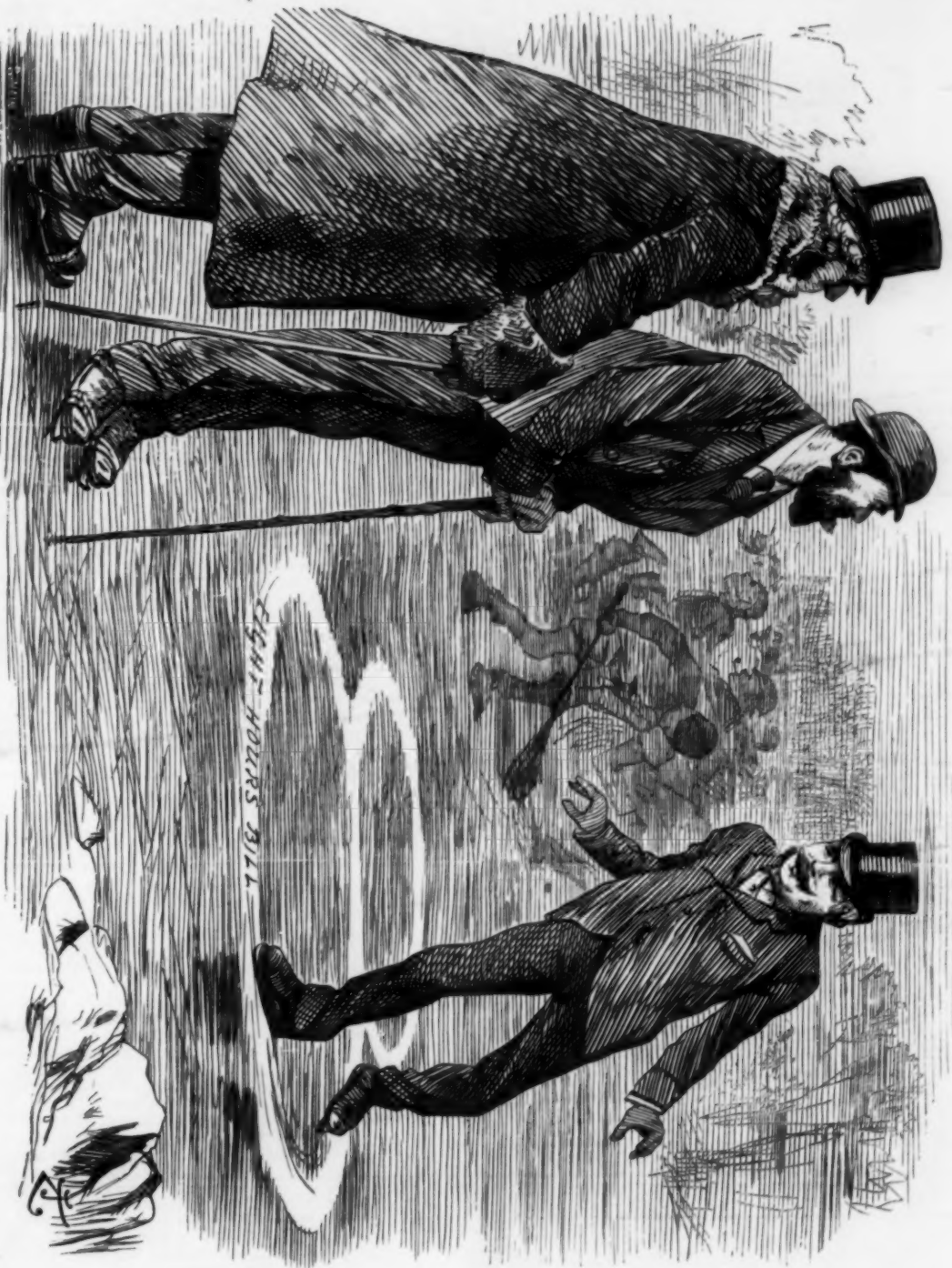
BY HARRY HOW.

OR Interviewer's Question
 And Interviewee's Parry,
 Or (yet one more suggestion)
 How HARRY HOW can Harry.

IN THE LAW LISTS.—Among the cases down for hearing at the present sittings is that of *Koster v. Empire Palace, Limited*. It is to be hoped that the Lord Chief Justice's sense of the artistic fitness of things will lead him to arrange that the case shall be heard at the Albert (CHEVALIER) Hall, before that "first-class judge," Mr. Justice AWKINS.

THE LADY AND THE LEOPARD.—A lady has recently presented her pet leopard, "Moti" (Pearl), to the Zoo. The pretty inference that it is a pearl beyond price may be beyond the beast, but the Zoological Society may be expected to appreciate it fully.

OUR WEST AFRICAN TROUBLES.—How to deal with "the Sofas,"—*Sit on them*.



"THE FIGURE 8."

JOHN DICKS, "BRAVO, MR. BANNERMAN YOU'VE PICKED UP THAT FIGURE PRETTY QUICK!!"
CAPITALIST (*Employer of Labour, to himself*). "AH! I SUPPOSE WE SHALL ALL HAVE TO LEARN IT SOON!!"

RAB
on the
DALY
prove
DALY
Miss A



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DALY'S NIGHTLY.

RARELY has SHAKESPEARE's fanciful comedy *Twelfth Night* been put on the London stage, except at the Lyceum, so perfectly as Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY has placed it on the stage of Daly's, where it must certainly prove an attraction for some time to come, and may induce Manager DALY to prolong his stay among us. Except in *Taming the Shrew*, Miss ADA REHAN has neither been seen nor

heard to such advantage as in her impersonation of *Viola*. Perfectly are her points made: most intelligently and intelligibly are all her lines given. Indeed, there are some points so well brought out as to call forth a burst of impulsive applause as an immediate tribute to what seems to be a sudden inspiration on the part of the actress. Miss REHAN's sole fault in this character is a tendency to restlessness. Miss CATHERINE LEWIS is very good as *Maria*, though she goes so very near overdoing her laughing as to make it sound hysterical; yet in her scene with her mistress, when, full of her practical joke played on *Malvolio*, she is bursting with almost uncontrollable laughter while trying to answer her mistress seriously, her by-play is admirable.

Duke Orsino must have possessed a rare Ducal Opera House, as the singers, players and dancers at his Court (all belonging

way, though SHAKESPEARE has given him some of his very best lines. Judging the work as a whole, Mr. DALY, author and manager, has done his stage editing of SHAKESPEARE's play most effectively. Of such cuts as he has made, most modern dramatists of any considerable experience will approve. It strikes me, while reading over the original, "as she was wrote," that while it is one of the Divine WILLIAM's happiest inspirations, it was also written *currente calamo*, and without subsequent correction. Several circumstances point to this conclusion, and one especially, *i.e.*, the re-entrance of *Malvolio* in the last scene (wisely omitted in DALY's version), when he is brought on to explain about the Captain, and makes his exit very angrily, without even having uttered one single word of the explanation which he was brought on by SHAKESPEARE to give! When he has gone, the *Duke* exclaims, as an after-thought, probably introduced after the first performance, or at the last rehearsal, "He hath not told us of the Captain yet." How sharply would the modern SHAKESPEARE Junior be taken to task by the critics for such careless construction! And the Fanciful Comedy ends like a modern extravaganza, with a song. Delightful! Of course, in SHAKESPEARE's time, this was the epilogue, sung after all the *dramatis personæ* had disappeared. At DALY's it is sung as a duet between *Maria* and the *Clown*—a very happy idea—with chorus and dance by the Unsurpassed Private Ducal Operatic Company in the pay of *Duke Orsino*. One thing I should like *Duke DALY* to omit, and that is, the red splotch on the white handkerchief that binds *Sir Toby's* cracked skull in the last scene: and one thing I and every one would like him to insert, and that is the re-appearance of jolly old *Sir Toby*, who won't be put to bed, but who should shake himself quit of *Sir Andrew*, and re-appear in the alcove above, with a flagon, drinking a happy New Year to every one, a very *Twelfth Night* king! But then we are naturally prejudiced in favour of *Toby*, and, everywhere, *Toby* is a popular character.

(Signed)

THE B IN BOX.



Shakespeare à l'Américaine.

to his own establishment, and never allowed to perform out of Orsino Hall without special Ducal permission) are most excellent; and for tune, time, unison, and harmony, they may back themselves to compete with any other existing "Operatic Company, Limited," be it where it may. When it comes to the turn of the principals to sing, is not "*O Mistress Mine*," given by Mr. LLOYD DAUBIGNY, the *Clown* (also retained on the Ducal establishment so as to be ready for Christmas time, when, no doubt, a charming fairy pantomime would be got up for the benefit of the Duke's subjects and guests belonging to the "House Party"), exquisitely rendered by both the principal singer, the *Clown* aforesaid (from whom at best the Duke has only a right to expect the venerable "*Hot Coddins*"), and the D. C. C., which initials may stand for the Ducal (or DALY) Court Chorus?

Of course the full measure of the humour in the scene where *Sir Toby* comments upon *Sir Andrew's* written challenge, and likewise of the humour there is in the duel scene, is not reached where *Sir Andrew* is equal in height to *Viola*, who, as represented by Miss REHAN, is a fine-grown youngster of apparently five foot nine at least. Probably SHAKESPEARE wrote the part of *Sir Andrew* for a dwarfish member of his company, while that of *Viola* was written for a tall, slim youth, just as the part of *Maria* was undoubtedly written to suit a small boy, a real "low" comedian, as there are so many allusions to her short stature and figure in the play. Imagine how the duel scene would gain were the *Sir Andrew* a small man, of whom the buxom young page is so desperately afraid! However, *Sir Andrew* is well played by Mr. HERBERT GRESHAM, and if a little over-played, his height must be taken into consideration. That Mr. JAMES LEWIS should be an excellent *Sir Toby* goes without saying; whatever he turns his hand to he does well. Special mention should be made of Mr. GEORGE CLARKE'S *Malvolio*. Of all difficult Shakespearian parts, with a tradition attached to it, this is one of the most, if not quite the most difficult, and it is not too much to say that Mr. GEORGE CLARKE plays it exceptionally well. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH is a most elegant *Countess Olivia*, and Mr. JOHN CRAIG a solid and "convincing" (whatever this word may convey to my readers, it is quite exhaustive to the writer) *Duke Orsino*, an indifferent part, by the



Ada Rehan as a Young Illyrian. (Observe the antique Illyrian shoes.)

BALLADE OF THE MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

WHEN I was young I did not like to show
My ignorance to every fellow-flat;
But now I'm not ashamed of "I don't know"
What I've not had a chance of getting at.
Besides, the knowing ones soon smell a rat—
The lack of skill or knowledge we would hide;
The game's not worth the candle-wick and fat;—
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

A friend of mine—or should I say a foe?—
Who had an Irish hunter, known as "Pat,"
Once said, "Get on him, JACK, and let him go."
Now, though I muttered inly—call it "drat!"—
I leaped across. Alas! not long I sat
In mounted majesty. One cannot ride
The high horse, minus stirrup, rein, and hat;—
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

I've had my fill of poverty, if so
A man may put it. There's no plutocrat
Among my kin; and often funds are low;
But care, with ninefold slaughter, killed a cat.
I've still a sixpence by me, though on that
One can't go far. Here's SANDY from the Clyde;
When you have got the "pawky chiel" to chat,
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

Envoi.

Youth, heed an old domestic diplomat,
Do not begin to "educate" your bride,
Nor try your 'prentice hand at tit for tat;—
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE West, cutely quick, brings
the East, calmly slow,
Amazing us all with a wonderful
show. Ay, BOLOSSY!
Quaint name! Once KIRALFY
seemed curious, strange,
Like IMRE; but yours is a mar-
vellous change, My BOLOSSY.
You bring us such dreams with
these rare Eastern sights—
And HAROUN - AL - RASCHID,
Arabian Nights,

Vic, BOLOSSY,
With Viziers, Sultanas, Ulemas,
and Sheiks—
Your Bosphorus, sooty at times,
where *caïques*

Ply, BOLOSSY!
Though trips in these boats
through the tunnels are
grand,

One's glad to regain *terra firma*,
high and Dry, BOLOSSY!
The harem's excessively indo-
lent ways

You show to the wondering Occi-
dent's gaze; Fie, BOLOSSY!
Whilst Turks wearing fezzes
remark, with such ease,
"The other way in there, Sir.
Pass along, please."

Sly BOLOSSY!
The dancing is much the best
thing which you do;
You cannot excel it yourself,
not if you Try, BOLOSSY.
That line of the ballet girls all
the rest licks—

A mile of respectably decorous
kicks, Shy, BOLOSSY!
But what the dazed Britishers
utterly floors

Is that most remarkably strange
name of yours;

Why "BOLOSSY"?



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Ernest (who is deeply interested in Transatlantic Steamers). GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT DO YOU THINK, MARIA? WHY THE 'MELISSA' HAS BROKEN HER RECORD AGAIN!"
His Wife. "POOR THING! SO SORRY!"

RICH AND POOR.

(By a Poor Parochial Person.)

THEY're clamouring much about
the old Poor-Law
Administered by "new elec-
tive bodies."

Ah me! Though "nominated"
swells can jaw,
And wear trim togs, they're
often bitter noddies.

Poor-Law, indeed! Much of
our law is poor

In quite another sense. Jus-
tice's justice (and boor
Holding the balance between nob
Is worse sometimes than was
thy bed, PROCRUSTES!

A Poor-Law that's administered
by the Rich

Strikes them as something
natural, right, and proper,
'Tis Wealth's divine prerogative
to pitch

On all who "boss," from
Guardian down to "Copper."
But a Rich-Law (by which I
would imply

A law that touched *their* per-
sons and *their* pockets)

Administered by the Poor!!!
Great Scott! Sky-high

Their tempers and tall-talk
would soar like rockets!

The "Old Poor-Law"'s the
theme of their loud cheering,
But 'tis a new "Rich-Law"
they're really fearing.

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

"This is the Jew
That GRUNDY drew"
(Not *Shylock* versus *Law*).
If this be the Jew
That GRUNDY drew
Is this the Jew to "draw"?

A DIARY IN A NUTSHELL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I read some little while since a not uninteresting article upon the subject of keeping a diary. The writer suggested various modes of telling the story of a life day by day. His suggestions were fairly practical, and on that account I respect them. Still, to my mind, they did not seem perfect. What we want is the most work in the least time. I trust that desideratum is obtained in my model diary, which I have now the honour to present to you. You will notice it occupies very little space, and consequently on that score may be worthy of publication. Here it is:

January.—(1.) Began the year well with a considerable sum at my bankers. Good friends with all my relatives. (2.) Commenced the year badly with an overdraw, and a number of neglected county court summonses. Quarrelled with all my relatives, and engaged in law suits with half of them.

February.—(1.) Invested at the proper moment, and netted a good round sum. (2.) My foreign stocks went down with a run, and I have lost all I once possessed.

March.—(1.) Took to the turf, and trained any number of winners. (2.) Having partially retrieved my fortunes, plunged on a favourite, and again lost everything.

April.—(1.) Proposed to an heiress and was accepted. (2.) Jilted a penniless beauty and was summoned for breach of promise.

May.—(1.) Started on a pleasant yachting trip to the Mediterranean, and had a lovely voyage all the way. (2.) Went on board a boat bound for Antwerp, and came to grief at Herne Bay.

June.—(1.) Entered for the Rose Show, and got all the prizes. (2.) Unusual frost killed every plant in the place.

July.—(1.) Took a tour through Europe on horseback, and had a good time. (2.) Started a bicycle, and came to grief in Regent's Park.

August.—(1.) To the seaside, where I thoroughly enjoyed the bathing. (2.) Took furnished watering-place apartments, and contracted the influenza.

September.—(1.) Went out shooting, and contributed, probably, the largest bag of the season. (2.) Tried a few coverts, and shot my host's favourite dog.

October.—(1.) Rented a theatre, and realised a fortune in less than no time. (2.) Put my all in the shares of a music-hall, which went immediately into voluntary liquidation.

November.—(1.) Accepted a baronetage. (2.) Expelled from my favourite club.

December.—(1.) Presented with the freedom of the city of my native town. (2.) Brought up before the Court of Bankruptcy in London.

There, Mr. Punch, you have everything in a concise form. All that the diary-keeper has to do is to strike out either No. 1 or No. 2, and preserve the remaining moiety.

Yours truly,
THE MAN WITH A HEAD.

LADY JOURNALISTIC ASIDES.

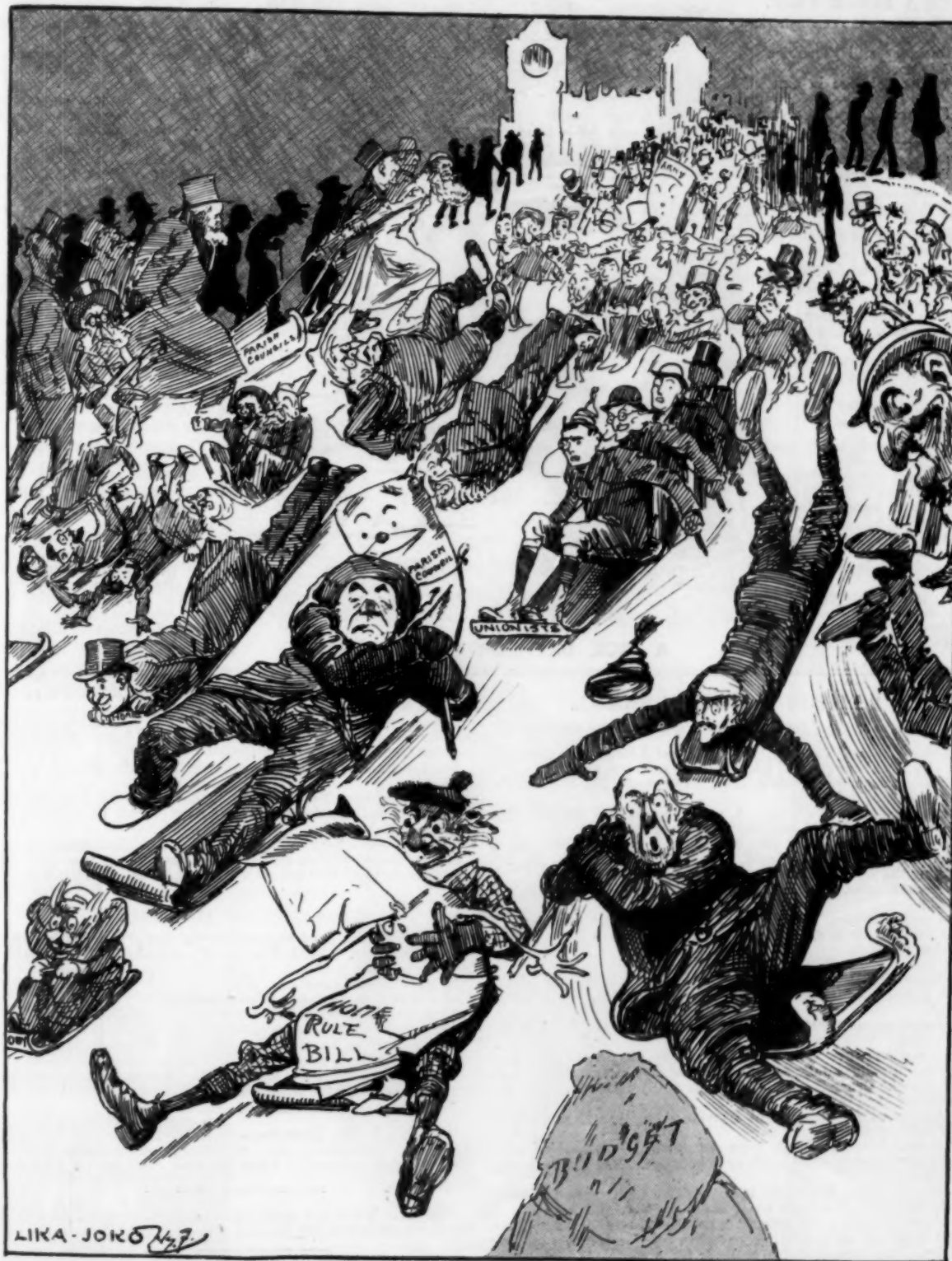
["Do the editors of the ladies' papers really pretend that they are not perfectly well aware that the majority of lady journalists who write chatty little articles bringing in the name of somebody's soap, or somebody else's bonnets or coal-scuttles, receive graceful acknowledgments in a substantial form from the recommended tradesmen?"—*A Woman Journalist in the "Times."*]

"For gowns you can't do better than to go
To PREYS, their 27s. 6d. is the gown,
By far the most effective frock I know."
(*I ought to get for this a charming tea-gown.*)

"The things you get at Messrs. C. AND D.'s
Are quite A1—their art designs most subtle,
Their furniture of quite delightful ease."
(*If I can choose I'll have a new coal-scuttle.*)

"At MADAME A.'s there's such a charming hat,
The prostiest well could write a poem on it,
The price three guineas, and dirt cheap at that."
(*She's bound to send me now a nice spring bonnet.*)

WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE FATE OF THE PARISH COUNCILS BILL.
—In a Peer-glass.



TOBY-OGGANING ON PARLIAMENT HILL.—"GOING HOME."

TO A BLANK PAGE.

NEW YEAR, the metaphoric
throng,
Obeying still Tradition's
junto,
Have likened thee in sketch
and song
For years, a cradled urchin
unto.
Each bygone year has aged and
died;
Time blazons epitaphs above
him;
Scarce has the wee successor
cried,
But lo! we praise, and pet,
and love him.
Yet I, whose trade is of the pen,
Would fain regard recurring
ages,
Less as a family of men
Than as a tome of passing
pages;
A volume big with tears and fun.
With steadfast good, and ill
unsteady;
Page 1893 is done,
Page 1894 is ready.
'Tis white and clean; come,
take the quill;
Let each inscribe what each
is able—
A rhythmic snatch for bards to
trill,
A mighty thought for sages
sable;
Quotation stale to match the
trite,
A lover's lilt for virgin
dimple;
A simple prayer for larger light
To lead all souls whose faith
is simple.



A NICE DAY FOR A PHOTOGRAPH!

We're authors all; our daily
deed,
The wars of will that mar or
mend us
Remain a record or a screed
To swell the chronicle tre-
mendous;
Our blurs, our vain imaginings,
And patience sweet when
sorely smitten—
Are they not all, with loftier
things,
In that Great Book of In-
stance written?
Yes! Authors all; but authors
still
Misjudge their bent in ran-
dom fashion:
The Poet draws a codicil,
The Lawyer melts with
formal passion;
The Sophist claims the States-
man's goal,
And Science vaunts Romance
an eye for;
While oft some unremembered
soul
Achieves what would - be
Thinkers sigh for.
The loudest cries that sway
the crowd
Not always hold you book
the longest;
There humble seems what once
was proud,
What feeble seems may
there be strongest.
So take the quill and write
your say,
Nor blush at aught but
heartless jingle,
And, if it prove not all it may,
God grant it pure, and true,
and single!

A LESSON FOR GRANDMAMMA.

(A Dialogue arranged for Representatives of the Past and the Present.)

Grandmamma. And now, my dear, that I have come from the country, I do hope you will take me to see some nice plays.

Grand-daughter. Certainly, dear. You would like to go to the pantomimes?

Grandmamma. Well, no. I want to see *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. I am told everyone raves about it.

Grand-daughter. They did, but now it's getting a little out of date. But, my dear Grannie, you mustn't go and see it; it's scarcely the sort of piece for you.

Grandmamma. Why not? Hasn't it a good plot? Isn't it well acted?

Grand-daughter. Yes; but you see it's a little advanced. A widower marries a second time, and his second wife is not quite so good as his first.

Grandmamma. What do you mean by that?

Grand-daughter. Well, she belongs to a different class of life; in fact, I really find it embarrassing to explain further. Why not go somewhere else?

Grandmamma. Certainly. I am told *Sowing the Wind* is also very good. What's that about?

Grand-daughter. Well, much the same as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. I really think you had better select something else. I am told that the Drury Lane Pantomime is really immense. You had better come and see it.

Grandmamma. Thanks, but I prefer a comedy. How about *An Old Jew*? surely that will do?

Grand-daughter. Well, I am not sure. You see, the leading incident is scarcely suited to a lady of your age. You will be shocked if you go.

Grandmamma. But surely at seventy-five I have come to years of discretion! What is there wrong about *An Old Jew*?

Grand-daughter. Oh, nothing in particular, save— But there, I really cannot tell you. It is so embarrassing! But now take my advice. The drama is too realistic for you. You want milder food than our modern playwrights can give you. So take my advice, and go back.

Grandmamma. But I did so want to go! But if you really think it would be better—

Grand-daughter. I am sure of it. So take all your boxes, bags, and things, and be off. There's nothing for you here. You are too innocent for the end of the century.

Grandmamma. But half a century ago I was the life and soul of everything.

Grand-daughter. Yes; but even in those days you drew the line somewhere, and we don't. So you had better go back to the country.

Grandmamma. Very well.

Grand-daughter. I am glad she has gone. What would Grand-papa have said had I let her see them!

[Exit Ancient Lady.]

[Very Fast Curtain.]

LONDON COSTUMES FOR JANUARY.

8 A.M.—Overcoat lined throughout with fur. Seal skin suit lined with washleather. North Pole gloves, and skates. Temperature 24°.

12 NOON.—Waterproof suit. Umbrella. Goloshes. Fishing boots. Alpine stock. Sou'-wester. Temperature 47°.

4 P.M.—Light overcoat. Suit of alpaca. Parasol. Puggaree. Pith helmet. Sand shoes. Temperature 74° (in the shade).

8 P.M.—Same as 8 A.M., with the addition of foghorn and lantern illuminated with the electric light. Temperature 18°.

12 MIDNIGHT.—Same as 4 P.M., with the addition of blue spectacles. Temperature 84° (in the moonlight).

MRS. R.'S LATEST METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATION.—“No wonder the weather is so bitterly cold” said Mrs. R., one freezing hard day within the last fortnight, “when the glass shows twelve degrees of frost!”

COMFORT.—When is it an advantage to be “left out in the cold”? When you are not invited to a hot and stuffy party.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN WEST AFRICA.—Sofa, and no farther.

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